I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*,
And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.
Can *I* doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tush were it ten times higher, *I*le pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter king *Lewis* and the ladie *Bona*, and *Queene Margaret*, *Prince Edward*, and *Oxford* and others.

Lewes. Welcome *Queene* Margaret to the Court of *France*,
It fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here *I* vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. *I* humblie thanke your royall maiestie,
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
Great king of *France*, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter *Warwike*.

Lew. How now, who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwike* Edwardes chiefest friend.
Lew. Welcome braue *Warwike*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy Edward king of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And lastlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous ladie *Bona* thy faire sister,

To

To Englands king in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.
War. And gratious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Quen. King *Lewes* and Lady *Bona* heare me speake,
Before you answere *Warwike* or his words,
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.
War. Iniurious *Margaret*.
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene.
Ox. Then *Warwike* disanuls great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn* of *Gaunt* wise *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world,
And after this wise prince *Henry* the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*,
From these our *Henries* lineallie discent.
War. *Oxford*, how haps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how *Henry* the sixt had lost
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Me thinkes these peeres of *France* should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwike*, canst thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,

And